

Come at Me Bro

by Wannabe Viking

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Summary: What happens when Iggy and Fang are left home alone? YAOI! FIGGY! Don't like? Don't read.

Come at Me Bro

Hi, hi! Viking here! I'm just going to jump right in and you try and keep up, alright?

Yes, I am aware that my name is 'Wanna-be Viking' but I'm writing a fanfic for Maximum Ride. I am also an author for How to Train Your Dragon. Explanation... DONE!

So yeah, I was browsing around FanFiction the other day, reading Figgy one shots and I decided... Hey, why not write one myself? I've never really done gay or 'yaoi' pairings before so if it's a little off, that's probably why. I'd probably just chicken out and write some random crap. Let's get into the story shall we?

Let's just say that Angel isn't dead/kidnapped or whatever, Fang didn't leave the flock and there is no Dylan. I repeat NO DYLAN. Don't like? Don't read.

A/N -

Viking â€" Woo! Maximum Ride!

Gazzy â€" Yay! *Does a little dance*

Viking â€" *dances with*

**Come at me bro**

(Iggy's POV)

"Are you sure you'll be alright?" Max asked, heading out the

door.

"Max, we'll be fine," I heard Fang say and then there was the soft sound of him brushing his black hair from his eyes.

Max and Dr. M were taking Gazzy, Nudge and Angel out shopping. Nudge had just hit a major growth spurt and Gazzy and Angel just wanted more cool clothes. In short, Fang and I were alone for a few hours.

"Okay, okay, fine," Max laughed, "And Iggy?"

"Yeah?" I 'looked' in her direction.

"No bombs and/or explosions. Please."

"Ah, I dunno," I held my own hand and swung my body back and forth, childishly.

"Iggy..." she groaned

"Relax, I won't blow anything up, I promise," I saluted her and everyone left.

"So... What do you want to do?" Fang went back inside, and I grabbed onto one of his belt loops so I wouldn't get left behind.

"I can think of a few ideas," I chuckled, "Too guys... Alone... With no one around..."

"Video games?"

"You bet cha!"

So the Fangilator and I played video games. I was pretty good despite the fact that I couldn't see. I could feel the buttons on the controller and hear the sounds on the T.V. So you know, it's not that complicated. We played for about an hour, before Fang started accusing me of screen cheating.

"How am I screen cheating? I'm blind..."

"I don't know! You just are!" he laughed and threw a pillow at me. I threw it back and I think it hit him in the face because of the little "Ugh," he made.

"Fork yeah!" I fist pounded the air.

"Dick!" he screamed and tackled me to the ground. We play fought for a while, each of us getting a scratch or a bruise somewhere in the process.

It only took a few minutes before the kicking and punching started.

"**Come at me bro**!" I shouted, jumping enthusiastically.

"You asked for it," he went to punch me but I turned around at the last minute and he ended up hitting my wing.

"Come on! What's that gonna do?"

"Shut up! I'm a little rusty, okay?"

"You're worse than an Eraser!"

"Your mum is!"

"You mean in bed? I wouldn't know, I don't have sex with my mum," I wiggled my eyebrows, "Although, those Erasers would be pretty rough, you know, with the claws and everything."

"I don't have sex with your mum either," he went for another punch. I grabbed his hand and twisted it behind his back.

"Who's awesomer?" I asked evilly.

"Ow -Ig- that hurts."

"Who's awesomer?" I squeezed tighter.

"Iggy! Iggy is awesomer!" he squealed, "Now let go!"

"That's right bitch!" I shoved him towards the floor, "No one messes with the all mighty Iggy!" I extended my wings, making myself look like a boss.

Fang tumbled into the floorboards, gasping in pain.

"Iggy, I swear if you do that again, I'll get Max onto you!"

"Get you're widdle gwirlfriend to fight your battles for you?" I chuckled.

"She can kick your ass and you know it."

"And I can kick yours!" I boomed.

"Yeah, yeah," he sat on the floor, cross legged, "now get the fuck down here with me."

"Oh, Fangy wants me to sit wiff him?"

"Cut the baby talk, cunt."

"Wow, bit extreme, don't you think?" I asked but sat down with him.

"Not one bit," he smiled. I didn't see him smile, but I could _feel_ it.

"Yeah, you've said worse."

"Mmhhh..." he extended his black wings and the feathers brushed up against the skin of my arms, causing me to get goose bumps.

"Fang... W-what are you-" I was cut off by Fang grabbing my hands and threading his fingers through mine.

"Sh..." he pushed me so I was lying flat.

"Ah..." I shook nervously.

"Just... Shut up," he climbed on top of me, parting his legs around my hips.

"Fang, what the hell?"

"Iggy..." he moaned and placed his lips on mine. I froze up, not knowing what to do. Crap! Crap! Crap! Fang. On top of me. What the Fnick?

To make matters worse, his hands were tugging at my shorts, just begging for them to come off.

"Fang!" I pushed him off me, "I'm not gay!"

"Denial," he grabbed a fist full of my strawberry blond hair and forced another kiss on me. My body was struck with an electric, tingling sensation.

"Hmm..." I groaned, still having no clue how to react in this situation.

"Just go with the flow," he told me, reading my body movements and expression.

"I... don't know..." I bit my lip, feeling myself get hard. This was fucked up.

"Enjoy it..." he pushed me down again and took my shirt off. My eyes widened as I realised just what he wanted. If anything I was NOT taking it up the butt.

I found myself kissing back with just as much force as Fang. He paused for a second to take his own shirt off but put his mouth back onto mine as soon as he was done.

"Sex on the floor? Kinky..." I giggled and he laughed with me.

"I'd say against the wall is better," he stood up and grabbed my arm, taking me with him. He pushed me against the wall and grabbed my... ah... privates?

"Eh..." I squeaked with a mixture of surprise and pleasure.

"You know you love it," he placed his mouth on my neck and sucked it.

"Fang... If you give me a hickey, Max is going to know..."

"I don't care what Max thinks," he tugged at my shorts again and I let him unbutton them and they dropped to the ground.

"Boxers? I always thought you were a briefs kind of guy..."

"Nah man, boxers for the win!"

"Mm..." he ran his fingers down on my body stopping- well I don't think I have to tell you where he stopped; you can work that out for

yourself.

"May I?" he asked after he dropped onto his knees.

"S.M.D." I said, preparing myself for what happened next.

"With pleasure," he added and playfully kissed my hips and pulled my boxers off. I leaned my head on the wall, feeling faint.

Fang kissed me again, heading towards my junk. I moaned loudly as he put his mouth around it. I bit my lip lightly and closed my eyes. He started moving his lips up and down and I shuddered.

"Don't stop," I whispered. I heard the tiny sound of Fang nodding and he quickened.

I put my right hand subconsciously on his head and ran my fingers through his black hair. Fang went even faster and I shook even more, knowing I was about to cum.

Fang pulled away and started to give me a fast hand job and I winced in a mixture of extreme pleasure and shock.

"FANG!" I shouted as my cum shot out.

"Thar he blows," Fang chuckled and stood up again.

"Jesus, Mary, Joseph!" I exclaimed, my eyes wide, "What was that?"

"That, my friend, was a blow job," he held my hand and kissed my cheek.

"We have got to do that more often," I grinned and winked.

"Yeah, we must," he tucked a bit of hair behind my ear and swiftly kissed my lips.

"Hello?"

"Crap! That's Max!" he mumbled and threw his shirt on.

"I know, I know!" I picked up my shorts from the floor and slipped them on. The flock wouldn't be too suspicious if I wasn't wearing my shirt.

"Fang! Iggy!" Max called out again and there was the chatter of the rest of the flock as they piled through the front door.

"In here!" Fang yelled back and practically leaped onto the couch and turned the game back on.

I did the same and grabbed the controller, like I had been doing this for hours.

"Die! Die!" I screamed at the screen, "Oh hey Max," I smiled when Max walked into the room.

"Hey," she put her bags onto the ground and huffed.

"How was shopping?" Fang asked.

"Hectic."

"That's cool," he sounded preoccupied by the game, but being the smart bird kid that I am, I knew he was just fazed with what happened.

"Yeahâ€¦ I guess," Max sat down next to me, "Hey Iggy, what happened to you?" she poked the hickey on my neck.

"I said '**come at me bro'** and he did."

A/N â€"

Gazzy â€" What does S.M.D. mean?

Viking â€" It meansâ€¦ ahâ€¦ Squish My Duck.

**Gazzy â€" Hey Max!

>

Viking â€" NO!

Max â€" Yeah, Gaz?

Gazzy â€" S.M.D.!

Max â€" O.O

Viking â€" *face palm*

Gazzy â€" XD

Viking â€" Just disclaim.

Gazzy â€" Viking doesn't own Maximum Ride.

So I hope you liked that. That's probably the most embarrassing thing I've ever written.

**Time to post this thing! **

I might write more Figgy one shots to add to this if I get enough nice reviews and get more ideas.

Viking. XD

End
file.